

The Bucks County Gazette.

BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1892. NO. 23.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE CLIM OF DR. HAHN THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED

The claim of Dr. Hahn that he has discovered fossil animal organisms in meteorites has excited much discussion and an eager interest on the part of naturalists to get at the truth of the matter. It is asserted that those who have examined his microscopic preparations of these remains have become convinced of the genuineness of this discovery. Charles Darwin, the greatest of evolutionists, is said to have started from his seat on viewing one of the finest of these specimens, exclaiming: "Almighty God! What a wonderful discovery! Wonderful! And it is not wonderful. These fossil remains, found in a bit of stone, are a message to us from the regions of space, telling of an exploded world once peopled with these very organisms in life, and proving, moreover, that ours is not the only world in which animal forms have existed."

It is estimated that a force of three million horse power might be obtained from Niagara Falls if it were practicable to make use of it.

Large trees of a peculiar tree called the "grease tree" are said to grow in China, and to have been cultivated to some extent in India. The grease forms the source of a considerable local trade. It is believed to be very valuable as a lubricant, and Dr. Jameson, a chemist in the Punjab, has taken measures to have its quality thoroughly tested on railway machinery, especially exposed to friction. The grease forms an excellent talcum, and burns with a clear and brilliant white light, without emitting any unpleasant odor of combustion.

The death rate in Paris during the hot period of July from the 15th to the 21st rose 50 per cent. The average number of deaths per day in the French capital varies from 12 to 15. During the heat it rose to 192. There was no epidemic, but 500 people died in Paris that week who would have survived if the temperature had been normal.

At the Paris Electrical Exhibition a great variety of relics of the instruments used by Galvani, Volta, and other pioneers in electrical science are shown, including a magnet armed by Galileo. There is also included among the relics an autograph letter from Volta to Sir Joseph Banks, which contains the first description of the Voltaic battery ever written by its inventor.

The original source and formation of coal oil is a problem which has long agitated the scientific world. Among the many theories propounded, a recent one by Prof. Mendeloff has attracted some attention. He believes that vast reservoirs of igneous iron and carbon were formed in the interior of the earth in its earliest stage of development. These were reached in time by the water which condensed on the newly-formed land and percolated beneath its surface. The heat decomposed the water into its component elements—oxygen and hydrogen—the first uniting with the iron to form oxide of iron, and the hydrogen combining with the carbon to produce petroleum and other hydrocarbons. Vast oceans of petroleum must have existed at the center of the earth, if this theory be the true one.

Not only are the Chinese becoming greatly interested in modern scientific development, but Chinese scholars are entering into original research. It was recently stated by Dr. Leidy, that the dried trichina was first discovered by an English surgeon in 1833, but its presence in pork was first detected by Dr. Leidy himself in 1840. He reminds the public for their comfort, that all food animals are liable to have parasites, and that the tape worm has been conveyed in rare beef; that only about one hog in ten thousand is infected with trichina; that through cooking will kill all such parasites and render them harmless. He thinks it probable that the Moslem prohibition of pork was due to the danger of trichinosis, in a country where food was scarce, and, as a consequence, the food of the people seldom well cooked. Millions may have died of trichinosis in the ages before the true cause of the disease was known, and he believes that a large number of the deaths in the army during the war of the rebellion, which were ascribed to typhoid or malarial fevers, were really due to the extensive use of raw and badly cooked pork.

A Remond has lately experimented with greasy rags to determine the degree of their inflammability. Cotton rags saturated with kerosene oil and placed in a box at a temperature of 170 degrees F. became ignited to 340 degrees and took fire in an hour and a quarter. In another experiment cotton saturated with kerosene oil and kept in a room of the same temperature, ignited within five or six hours. Rags soaked in oil caused ignition in ten hours. In a room at 120 degrees F., cotton mixed with a little olive oil burned in six hours. Castor oil required more than twenty-four hours; while oil, only four hours, and fish oil, two hours. Petroleum oil, free from glycerine, did not ignite at all; neither did heavy tar, coal tar, or slate oils.

In commenting upon one of the declarations of that indefatigable and all-scientific prohibitionist, Neal Dow, *The Portland Press* says, that, in spite of defects, Maine is much better off for the law which bears his name, and adds: "In some of the cities, particularly in Portland and Bangor, where Democratic intoxicating drinks is unlawfully sold. But even here the condition is much better than if license were given to open grog shops on every corner; while in all the country towns a generation has grown up practically free from the knowledge of intoxicating drinks and the temptations to ruin by their use." This is a fair opinion in that State, and may be commended for its temperance to those patriots in Maine and elsewhere who allow their tongues more license than their gullets—possibly even to General Dow himself.

While an effort is making in New York to abolish live performances at the theatres in London, there is a movement to make three minutes a week the rule.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7th, 1892.
—So-called by courtesy—Sunday not counting, opened brightly. The sun shone from a cloudless sky all day, but there was no warmth in his beams. The air was nipping cold, and in the cross streets a brisk breeze made it colder yet. The sidewalks were covered with spots of snow trampled into ice. A stroll down any of the fashionable avenues showed that New Year's calls had fallen into disrepute. Two houses out of every three had baskets on the door, for the reception of cards. There were baskets at Wm. H. Vanderbilt's palatial home, at Mrs. A. T. Stewart's marble palace, and an artistic vase stood in the vestibule of Mrs. Astor's residence. A great many were out of town, many fashionable people who own residences in the country, having taken advantage of the holiday week to enjoy a breathing spell away from the noise and confusion of the city.

Business of all kinds, except in holiday goods, has been dull for several weeks, and it will take some little time yet before it will revive. Something unusual in the importing line, yet of considerable interest to the housekeepers, is the large arrival of vegetables from Europe. Potatoes in large quantities are being received from Scotland, and steamers arriving in this port for some weeks past from Germany and Denmark, have been bringing cabbage. One vessel brought 30,000 heads, and it is said that steamers soon to arrive will bring a much larger supply. They are of excellent quality, and sell readily at \$20 per hundred. This is the first venture of the kind New York dealers have ever made, and it is forced upon them by the demand, our usually large local crops having been almost an entire failure.

The will of John Anderson, the tobaccoist, who died about one month ago in Paris, has been offered for probate. In his bequests handsome fortunes, aggregating nearly \$5,000,000, to his daughters and his grand-daughters, and leaves the balance to his only son, who is also his successor in business. Mr. Anderson left over \$1,000,000 in personal property, besides real estate worth several millions. To his second wife he left his magnificent residence on the Hudson, and \$12,000 per annum, in lieu of dower.

Rev. Dr. Newman, the eminent Methodist divine, who was Gen. Grant's pastor and intimate friend, has been called to the Madison Avenue Congregational Church. He is a wealthy man, and very eloquent and popular, who will take with him to his new charge a large number of influential men, and among them Gen. Grant, who will probably be made president of the Board of Trustees. It is also said that Jay Gould will become a member of the congregation. The Madison Avenue Congregational Church property is estimated to be worth over \$200,000, but there is a mortgage on it of \$80,000, which the former pastor was unsuccessful in paying. When Dr. Newman was asked what he was going to do about that little indebtedness, he said that it didn't trouble him a bit; that it was a mere bagatelle in a wealthy city like this; that he had wealthy friends who would take pews at once and attend to it. And speaking of churches and clergymen, reminds me that Brooklyn has made another church scandal, in which Dr. Fulton, who has been trying to run a work opposition to Beecher and Talmage, is the central figure. He has had a falling out with his assistant pastor, whom, it is alleged, he refused to pay his salary. A church meeting considered the matter, but words were spoken, the Rev. Doctor called a venerable deacon a liar, and a most disgraceful row ensued, in which fists were shaken under each other's noses in a disgraceful way. No blood was shed, however, and the meeting closed as it had opened, with prayer. And Beecher too, has again got into trouble by remarks made in a sermon. He charged gross immorality in the public schools of his city, and accused the Board of Education of conniving at it. Naturally the Board is as mad as a wet hen, and calls for facts and figures, which W. H. B. B. seems to be perpetually in hot water, has not yet furnished.

The language of Wales is practically the only one of the Celtic languages that is not already dead or dying. It was spoken by the ancient Britons before the German invasion and conquest of the island. Perhaps the man who has done most in recent years for its preservation is the Rev. J. Jones (or Idrysion), the vicar of a parish in Cardiganshire, who, in addition to numerous sermons, pamphlets, and other contributions in his native tongue, has published a popular five-volume commentary on the Bible, and translated into Welsh *Queen Victoria's* journal of her life in the Highlands. Over 40,000 copies of his commentary have been sold. The Queen out of respect for his services to Welsh literature, has just conferred upon him a pension of \$250 a year. It is taken from the civil list fund.

A little episode at South Deerfield, Mass., the other day illustrated in a striking manner one of the phases of human nature. Mrs. Ellen Ruddock, a housewife, was the property of her father-in-law, Edward Ruddock. This father-in-law, Edward Ruddock, of this household, was a miser, and Mrs. Ruddock was in the premises and went to work setting out the furniture and taking full possession. Mrs. Ruddock, learning what they were doing, hastened to the house, procured an axe, broke in the door, which was locked against her, and ordered the men out. They went, amid the cheers of the small boys.

Kellar was a red-headed, stout young fellow, of German descent, who when a boy had blacked shoes and sold papers and worked his way through the public schools. For three years he had studied medicine at the University, teaching German at night, to keep himself alive. A year ago he graduated, hired a room in Fillmore Place, and sat down to wait for patients. They did not come. He had a little stove inside, on which he cooked the meals he ate. Mrs. Weeks declared that they consisted of oat-meal and dry bread, and it was an undoubted fact that poor Jen's big bones showed each week more and more through the tightly-drawn skin. The good woman was kind, in a motherly way to the lad, mended his one coarse coat as best she could, and she handed it back to him, "Better give up, James, and take to some other work. There's Sam Rouse, younger than you. He's drummer for a Market Street house and wears the best cheviot suits going and a ruby scarf-pin as big as your thumb-nail."

"No, I'll not give it up," Kellar would answer with a laugh, but now, looking out at the winter, he felt almost tempted to own himself beaten for life. Why could not he have money enough to take Agnes to concert or lecture, as other young men were earning a man's income. Sam Rouse, no doubt, would be at the Academy to-night, with his silken curls and dress suit and ruby pin. Girls liked that sort of a man. "No, I'll not take any supper, thank you, Mrs. Weeks," he said, picking up his hat. She made haste with the kid gloves, knowing that the boy probably had not tasted meat for days, and the savory smell fairly tore at his nerves and going to the door, he took a grim pleasure in going to his bare room and supping his cold gruel.

As Mr. Weeks and Agnes, that night, passed through the broad corridor of the Academy, a stout, middle-aged man, in a fur-lined cloak, came out of the boxes. Weeks jerked off his hat, bowing deferentially.

"Ah! Weeks," nodding carelessly, "you here?" He was brushing, when he caught sight of Agnes, and his face under his waving feather, and halted.

"I did not know you were literary in your tastes, or it is your—"

"Daughter, sir," daughter, Agnes, with a quiver in his tone, "this is Mr. Finn, the senior partner of the firm."

Agnes bowed her head. Her knees gave suddenly weak under her. The great millionaire represented to his assistant-book-keeper's family all power and authority. What a stroke of fortune was this! To meet such a man in the flesh, face to face! She looked up shyly in a moment, as he talked affably to her father, the close of rain, and met his small, satiny eyes gazing upon her face. They were not glowing, though she blushed painfully.

"I've no doubt you are right, Weeks," interrupting him in a labored meteorological prophesy. "Where are your seats? Let me see. Ah! too high. I have a box for this time. I beg of you to use it. It's a bore to me, I'm going to the club. But I'll drop in presently, if Miss Weeks will permit me," with a low bow to Agnes. He stood waiting for her as they passed down the corridor.

"As pretty a bit of flesh as I ever saw," said Weeks, rubbing his hands as he turned away with one of two men.

"Take care, Finn! What will the St. Laundry say!"

"Don't talk of that woman," hunching his broad shoulders. "I shunted her off on to another track last June."

"Do you know, Abraham," one of the men said, as they fell behind the others, "I heard you were going to range your box for this time. I beg of you to use it. It's a bore to me, I'm going to the club. But I'll drop in presently, if Miss Weeks will permit me," with a low bow to Agnes. He stood waiting for her as they passed down the corridor.

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we shall call Mrs. Moultrie, came to Philadelphia with her husband. The day after her arrival she brought him an open letter.

"See, Ralph! I have just received this. You have heard me speak of Eunice Nettle, the playmate I had when I was a child. You know, well, she is here, in New York, she tells me. She saw our arrival to the papers and wishes me to appoint an hour when I will receive her."

"Well?"

"I am going to her at once," her face glowing. "I was very fond of Eunice. And then?" lifting her eyebrows, "I can see whether she is telling the truth or not."

Mr. Moultrie rang to order a carriage. "No, Ralph, I shall go in the street-car. I could not tell Eunice see any difference between us. I can find my way. I know Philadelphia perfectly."

An aged lady, who was ringing the bell of No. 290, Fillmore Place, came to the door, with its half-moon of gilt paper on top, the tiny vestibule, the lace shades on the second door, were precisely the same as those of Mrs. Weeks, a foot to the right, but the door opened on a dirty, bare floor, and an unkempt girl of ten with mouth agape.

Mrs. Moultrie tapped at the parlor door. A little woman opened it, caught her hands, kissed both cheeks, seated her, all in a breath, and then stood before her, smiling, patting her own white palms together. "What a kind of ecstatic flutter," she reminded the visitor of the old, exquisite grace of a Bird of Paradise. "A very dirty bird of Paradise, though," she thought, her amused eyes scanning the curl-papers about the childlike, appealing face, the torn lace, the grease-spots on the ragged robe de chambre. The robe, though in rags, was of velvet and the lace was point.

"And you came, instead of sending for me, Matty?" cried Madame St. Landry. "You would not give your money without investigation? Just your old, shrewd, kind self. Careful! Martha, you might have trusted me. I would not have cheated you." Her soft eyes rested on Mrs. Moultrie's face. They were as destitute of guile as those of a helpless infant, yet that lady felt that she was being read like an open book. "Ah," slowly. "Rich and prudent and pious. A long, useful, comfortable life."

"I wish, Eunice, you had been as comfortable."

Madame St. Landry drew her breath through her nose, with a pretty shudder. "But the horridest of all! I should die of virtue and comfort in a year. I won't tell you a single lie, Matty. It's delightful to tell the truth now and then," laughing with genuine fun.

Mrs. Moultrie glanced round the room. A heap of clothes on the carpetless floor, a red velvet cushion, a pair of shoes, a couple of worn-out dresses hanging on the wall, a stone without any face, a pot of water frozen on it.

"Have you no coal?" she asked abruptly.

"No."

she looked with a beating heart through the open window, at the glimpse of pictures, the priceless bronzes, the velvet drapery. These things and the money they represented counted for much to a girl who was fond of dress and whose expenses were measured by pennies. She had an interest in her houses and money, and she knew it. Mr. Finn had twice in the last week spent the evening at the house of his book-keeper, and had drunk his cheap Bohemian as if it were nectar.

Mrs. Weeks made no further comment on his possessions. She marched home to her ironing, leaving her medicine to work. At the door they met young Kellar, coming in.

"It is so pleasant an afternoon, Mrs. Weeks, that I thought I would walk with me to the river, to see the skating," he said, his ugly face in a glow of delight and expectation.

"Thank you, Doctor Kellar; but it would be impossible. Go in, Agnes. My daughter has home duties to attend to."

She nodded haughtily and shut the door in his face. "A pretty thing," she exclaimed, with flushed cheeks, "the doctor should marry into a fashionable circle, to have it said you had gone strolling about the town with that vulgar fellow."

"He is no vulgar fellow," sobbed Agnes. "It is I who am vulgar and false to desert him. She ran up to her room, locked the door, and threw herself on her bed, weeping. Her eyes were as if he and asked her to marry him and she refused, she gave up comfort and wealth for her father and mother. In all probability, too, he would turn her father out of the office, and what chance had he to earn his bread elsewhere? The evening he dare to darken, and she lay there crying and praying and saying, "Jem! Jem!" over to herself a thousand times.

A rant how Fate was arranging her life by a few words spoken on the street outside.

Kellar stood on the steps, stunned for a moment, then laughed good humoredly and strode away. "Mother Weeks is out of temper," he thought. "It is too bad. I wanted to tell Agnes alone, out in the air." His eyes shone as if he and he went back to his room whistling softly. Five minutes later Mr. Finn's close carriage turned into the street. Mrs. Weeks saw the black horses and golden harness through the kitchen window and stopped, her iron uplifted, breathless with excitement. "If the man could come straight from his home, the President to Agnes, he certainly was serious. The golden treasure was just within her reach! Yet, oddly enough, now that it was real, her heart failed her. The tears rose into her hard, black eyes.

"He is not fit for Aggy!" she muttered, putting down the iron with a bang on the stairs. "The girl is a fortune, whipped on a white apron, waited for the bell to tinkle; but it did not move. It never tingled from the touch of Abraham Finn's hand again."

As he left the carriage and crossed the pavement, he hesitated. Like Mrs. Weeks, he felt that he was taking a desperate step, and duty was conscience, as if he had not had so much brain as judgment he would not have taken it today.

"Don't know," he thought, his foot on the steps. "She's a pretty creature, but would it pay, hey? Would it pay?" At that uncertain moment a light hand was laid on his arm. He looked, and there on an ornate and laughing. "The Devil St. Landry!"

"Yes," nodding gayly.

"What do you want?"

Mrs. Weeks unlocked her boots in grim silence. How could he have a thought to spare from Jen and Agnes?

"She is a beautiful, innocent creature," he ventured. She looks as if she might be a lovely Christian character."

"I never saw her and I can't say that I want to. My rule is to have nothing to do with people near door. She is nothing to us, nor we to her."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Kinglake's seventh volume of his "History of the Crimean War" is in press.

A proposition is afoot to erect a costly monument to Salust at Aquila, on the River Aterno, where he was born.

The publishers of *Babington* make the unique offer of sending their paper free for three months to every baby born in 1892 whose name and address shall be sent them.

Current French editions of English books appearing in France include "Dante's Divina Commedia," "Les Grands Espagnols," "The Great Expectations," and a fresh Gallic version of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Prof. Nordenskjöld's narrative of the voyage of the "Vege" will contain, besides the account of the voyage, fauna, flora, natural conditions, and inhabitants of the lands visited; a prefatory survey of all previous Arctic voyages and expeditions. The book will be fully illustrated and mapped.

The leading illustrated article in the Midwinter Holiday *Century* will be a lively narrative of the adventures of "The Island of Ashore," on the south coast of Long Island. The paper will be profusely illustrated by members of the Club, whose artistic recreations were last recorded in the magazine nearly two years ago.

The *North American Review* will present in its February number, to be published on the 15th of the present month, Part III. of its series of articles on "The Christian Religion." It will be from the pen of Geo. F. Fisher, the eminent professor of ecclesiastical history in the Yale Divinity School, as through a scholar and as able a defender of the Christian faith as this country affords. A powerful presentation of the claims of Christianity is expected.

Just before his death, Dean Stanley wrote for the *Century Magazine* his estimate of the life and influence of P. W. Robertson, in his opinion the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for the immediate publication of the article, the corrections and marginal additions were in the Dean's own handwriting, which, to say the least, were as unintelligible as the Mexican hieroglyphics. The article was sent back to England to be deciphered, and with what interesting results will appear to readers of the February *Century*. A portrait of Robertson will accompany the article.

The February number of Frank Leslie's *Sunday Magazine* contains, as usual, literary and news interest, and of an edifying and improving character, and the embellishments are profuse. Among the latter is a hitherto unknown portrait of Martin Luther which was recently discovered in the Thiel Church of Leipzig. On its lower margin are "D. M. Luther, at the Nix—1522." The editor, T. De Witt Tamm, D. D., gives the second part of "The Life of Martin Luther," by Pulpit, contains his sermon, "On the Beatitudes of the Sermon," by Rev. W. W. Watters, "Missionaries in India," etc., are fully illustrated and replete with interest and information. The price of the Old New Yorker is continued, besides the charming series, "Prudence Winterburn" and "Margaret's Enemy," short stories and sketches by popular writers. There are also essays, poems and a miscellany. The subscription is \$3 a year, 25 cents a number. Address Frank Leslie, publisher, 63 and 57 Park Place, New York.

PERSONAL.

The London correspondent of the New York Mail and Express in speaking of the "high price" which can be paid for the States. You will be agreeably disappointed in this gentleman, who is, I assure you, not at all affected and rather handsome than otherwise. He is the son of Sir William Wilde, the eminent oculist, and of Lady Wilde, "Esperanza," the clever Irish poetess. I must say that since I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance I have never seen the least trace of the dainties which some attribute to him. On the contrary he is highly educated and an excellent conversationalist, and, I believe, all friends and foes alike, admit, a perfect gentleman. His brother, Mr. William Wilde, is equally accomplished in his way, and ably edifies Vanity Fair.

Philadelphia has a reputation for susceptibility to titled foreigners. Columbus O'Donnell of Baltimore, a young man of wealth, good looks, and a few shenanigans, thought it would be fun to spend a few weeks in Philadelphia society in the character of a French duke. He registered at the St. George Hotel as "Le Duc d'Engou," got himself introduced at the Philadelphia Club, and as he spent money freely in the way of borrowing it, his pretensions were not questioned until somebody recognized him.

Mr. William Winans says a witty reporter of the Baltimore *Centinel* who lives in London, has a yacht that cost a fortune, but is mortally afraid of the sea; has English, American, and Russian race horses, and rides an old cob which frightens him by backing its ears; pays seven thousand pounds a year for the most expensive dog in the country, and cannot sit in a room with a gun, but sends Albert to sing at his drawing-room concerts, and does not know "Kuku Britannia" from "Yankee Doodle."

A thousand guests were entertained at an old-fashioned quilting the other day by Governor and Mrs. Blackburn, of Kentucky, where the young ladies were dressed in their great-grandmothers' costumes, and where Dr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, who had not danced for eighty years, being "pigeon" aged of ninety-eight, cut wonderful "ages" of the reel, to the music of the dusky fiddlers.

All intoxicating drinks were excluded from a recent dinner provided for the Duke of Albany at Inverary Castle for the workmen, where the Ladies Mary and Evelyn Campbell and the Marquis of Lorne were present.

Oliver Brothers & Phillips, a firm of Pittsburgh, employ women to manage machines in the nut and bolt department of their iron works—the first women, it is thought, ever employed in iron works.

Governor St. John, of Kansas, has appointed Mrs. Cora M. Downs a regent of the State University—the first appointment of a woman to such a position in this country.

Attorney General Brewster wears ruffles of the style of seventy-five years ago, a long waistcoat of bright buff, and a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons.

ART AND ARTISTS.

John McCallough has presented his picture as a Virginian, painted by Pollard Johnston, to his friend, John B. Carson of Glasgow, Ill. The picture cost \$5000.

Some little time ago," writes Moncreux (D. Conway, in an letter to the *Illustrated Commercial*), "an art exhibit was about to be opened in Glasgow, Mr. Rankin was applied to for some of his pictures. He replied that he would only be willing to lend his pictures when Glasgow was in a fit condition to enjoy them, and that would not be until it had pulled down every one of its hideous houses. I quote from the information of one who saw the silly letter."

We have examined the picture of the late President given to the artist, given by the artist, published by B. H. Frost, 757 Broadway, New York. It is an artist proof, India ink, size 16x22 inches, and sold at the low price of \$2.50—having been changed from \$5. Agents are wanted to introduce it. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the most faithful likeness of the President that has been produced. It is a masterpiece of art, and a beautiful guarantee that there can be no better. In addition, its selection by Mrs. Garfield and sending it to Queen Victoria settles all questions regarding its fidelity and faithfulness to the late President, and that it stands unrivalled, and is a portrait of a man of the future, and prove a companion to the celebrated pictures of Washington and Lincoln.

A Boston letter writer to the Newark Advertiser discusses on oysters and oyster at the Hub in the following savorily. The oysters themselves were delicious, but such a plate! I am not well enough up in chemistry to tell you where it was made, but it was of the most beautiful light blue, shaded from the deep French blue to a pale blue, with a few delicate summer sky and relieved by flecks of gold, while in the centre were the open and perfect shells of five oysters, with all their pearlie tint, and between them peeped the rough concave of the outside of the other halves. It was almost impossible to realize that these shells, raised so perfectly from the surface of the plate, were of china instead of being the very homes of the bivalves which, tastefully and deliciously as I received upon them a little lemon juice and then picked them out one by one with the tiny, dainty silver oyster fork.

A TOO-COMMON PRACTICE.—Profanity is becoming a habit of great proportions, and the impunity with which a male portion of our population use the name of our Maker in vain in horrible oaths in public places is wonderful and awful. Ladies must stop their cars and hear indecent expressions, and children, little innocent beings, are sure to hear expletives which will dole their cheeks and teach infidelity to the laws of God. There is a law in this state which prohibits the use of such language, but it is a dead-letter almost, and it is not feared, not even thought of, by these desecrators of the name of God. There are times, however, when the application would do some good, and when the law should be enforced. The citizens of Erie, in this State, have been so shocked and shamed by the indecent language and horrible oaths of a man in their midst that they caused his arrest, under the old law which provides that each person thus convicted is eligible to a fine of sixty-seven cents for each oath, and in default thereof, shall be committed to jail twenty-four hours for each offense. This person was convicted of using ten oaths, and fined \$6.70, with costs, amounting to \$15. In default he was sent to jail, where he will probably ruminate upon his foolish and wicked practice. A serving out of this same law in the part of the State would save our ears from hearing more of such oaths, and cure some portion of a sinful habit.

General prosperity is on the march in Tennessee. Nashville never knew so much building as last year, and hopes to have a population of 100,000 by next census time.

SEATTLE GAZETTE

JAN. 12, 1882

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JUDGE COX'S DECISION.
Judge Cox on Tuesday gave an elaborate opinion on the law questions which the counsel in the case have been discussing for several days. He overrules the plea to the jurisdiction by holding that Guitau is properly tied for murder in the District of Columbia; decides that the legal test of responsibility is whether the act knew the difference between right and wrong with respect to such act, and defines the rule of evidence to be that if the jury have a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused they must give him the benefit of it.

In explaining the test of responsibility Judge Cox draws a distinction between the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong and the ability to know whether or not an act is in violation of the law of the land. A man may know that what he does is against the law of the land, but his reason may be so far affected that he is incapable of knowing that the act is wrong. In such case he is not criminally responsible.

Under this rule it is found that when Guitau shot the President he knew what he was doing and knew that it was contrary to the law of the land, he is responsible, unless in consequence of insane mental delusions or other form of mental disorder he was laboring under such defect of reason as to be incapable of understanding the obligation of the law of the land and the duty and necessity of obedience to it, and of understanding that his act was wrong because it was in violation of the law.

Coming to the more specific questions that have been raised by the request of counsel Judge Cox rules that if Guitau knew he was violating the law it is no excuse that he believed he was doing a public good, even if such belief actually existed. Nor would a belief that he was inspired excuse him if such belief be the result of his own reasoning and reflection. To exempt him from responsibility the fact of inspiration must be an insane delusion which has taken possession of his mind not as a result of his own reflections, but independently of his own will and reason and with such force as to deprive him of the degree of reason necessary to distinguish between right and wrong as to the particular act.

As to whether a person is responsible who is driven by an irresistible impulse to do an act which he knows to be wrong, Judge Cox declines to lay down any rule, for the very good reason that there is no such case before the Court. There is no evidence that Guitau's free agency was destroyed except his own declaration, and so far from claiming that he was driven to do what he knew to be wrong he has always insisted that the act was right.

The test of responsibility laid down by Judge Cox is substantially that claimed by the prosecution. It fixes responsibility where there is capacity to distinguish between right and wrong as to the act committed, and it requires a mental disease destructive of such capacity in order to constitute irresponsibility. Rightly applied it is about as well calculated as any test yet formulated to hold the guilty and shield the innocent.

In ruling that in order to convict the jury must be satisfied of the sanity of the prisoner beyond a reasonable doubt Judge Cox simply follows a fundamental principle of criminal jurisprudence, though one not recognized in all of our courts.

MAKING A JUDY OF HIMSELF.
Congressman Orth, who was not elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, has again from his seat, denounced the appointed Standing Committees of Speakers or Keifer, because he was not put upon as many and the right ones to his thought he was entitled to. In doing this Mr. O. has simply made a spectacle of himself without benefiting anybody or anything.—*Germania's Telegraph.*

We have yet failed to see that Mr. Orth has presented any particular claim for being selected for the list of members of the House and the Chairman of some important committee. The very fact that Mr. Orth conducts himself so like a whining school-boy precludes the idea that he is as great a man as he thinks he is.

—Mr. Oscar Wilde has naturally, since his arrival in New York, accepted several invitations to dinner, and on such occasions is announced to have appeared in an evening dress suit. This seems to have been a cruel disappointment to some of his admirers, who expected to see him clad, after the manner of *Banquo*, in "greenery-valley" velvet, and holding in his hand the familiar lily or sunflower. It may be interesting to slender women to know that Mr. Wilde's ideal of perfect beauty is Sarah Bernhardt, whom he regards as the realization of all his æsthetic dreams. It says he would ask no higher earthly delight than to sit the livelong night on the doorstep of the house in which she sleeps. Mr. Wilde is regarded as very like Henry Irving in appearance, and especially in pose.

—Jeff Davis is visiting his son-in-law in Memphis, and, a local newspaper says, "looks, acts and moves as if he had a new lease on life." As to current affairs, we are informed by the same authority that he is a keen though quiet observer, is alive to the progress the South is making in material matters, and is as proud of the later achievements of his countrymen as they are of the dignity and self poise which has characterized him throughout his remarkable and eventful career.

—A *Herald* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that the first news from Yakutsk since the 20th of December was received yesterday. Nothing further had been heard of the *Jennette* but the inhabitants of the provinces of Yakutsk and Yeniseisk had been asked to make energetic searches for the crew.

—The Reading Railroad election is still progressing, and the chances of the rival candidates for the presidency are unknown quantities. The rumor regarding Mr. Vanderbilt's effort to sell his shares is denied by all parties involved.

WILD DISORDER IN TRENTON.

A Failure by the Democrats to Organize the House.

TRENTON, Jan. 10.—The 100th session of the Legislature convened in this city this afternoon. At 3 o'clock the Senate organized by the re-election of Garrett A. Hobart of Passaic as President, George W. Harris of Passaic as Secretary, and William T. Hunt of Essex as Assistant Secretary. Ten bills were introduced.

The House of Assembly met at 3 o'clock, and all the members except the Hon. Thomas V. Carter were sworn in. Mr. Carter is seriously ill at his residence in Jersey City. The political status of the House is thirty-one Democrats and twenty-nine Republicans. At the caucus of the Democratic members this forenoon John T. Dunn of Union secured the nomination for Speaker, but because the vote upon Sergeant-at-Arms was not taken up next, Messrs. J. C. Clarke and Dennis McLaughlin left the caucus. They declared they would not vote for the caucus nominees except Torrence J. McDonald of Hudson was elected Sergeant-at-Arms.

The caucus decided upon the other officers as follows: Clerk, Arthur Wilson, of Monmouth; Assistant Clerk, Timothy A. Byrnes, of Atlantic; Engraving Clerk, Julius W. Manger, of Essex; and Sergeant-at-Arms, Con Donavan of Hudson.

The Republicans held a caucus at 2:30 o'clock, and determined upon offering a resolution that thirty-one votes should be necessary to the election of the officers, it being understood that Clarke and McLaughlin would vote for it.

The Clerk of the last House called the House to order. The resolution referred to was immediately offered and it was adopted. Mr. Dunn was nominated for Speaker and received twenty-nine votes, Mr. Lawrence twenty-eight votes, and consequently there was no election. Messrs. Clarke and McLaughlin voted blank. Eight more ballots followed with the same result, but in the fourth ballot Mr. McLaughlin voted for Dunn. The Clerk ruled that no business other than the election of officers could be transacted, and refused to entertain any motions except to adjourn. He ruled out of order motions to reconsider the vote by which the election was ordered, and also the one making thirty-one votes necessary for an election. He would not entertain appeals from his decisions, on the ground that no rules existed for the government of the House. He was applauded by the Republican members for his stalwartism. His name is Cummins O. Cooper.

In the subsequent excitement on the floor of the House, Mr. Adair's declaration that he represented a free people and had a right to be heard was received with cheers from the Democratic side. He would not sit down, but the roll call for voting was proceeded with in spite of his efforts to make himself heard above the din. When his name was called he obtained leave to explain his vote, and made a speech bitterly denouncing Clark for bolting the caucus, and he also attacked his motives in violent language. The disorder grew worse every moment. In the contest between McDermott and Cooper, the former stepped behind the latter and endeavored to seize the gavel. Cooper called the old Sergeant-at-Arms to his assistance. The Sergeant-at-Arms hesitated to seize Mr. McDermott, who is a powerfully built man, and the latter pressed in between the Clerk and his assistant, and shouted that he was Clerk, and proposed to fill the duties of the office. Twenty different members were offering resolutions, and he recognized one of them and declared his resolution carried. Clark Cooper meantime ignoring him entirely and persistently calling for order. The crowd of Senators, members, and outsiders surrounding the desk was increasing, and matters were assuming a serious aspect when Mr. Dunn's powerful voice stifled the tumult with his vigorous protest, and brought the adjournment.

Mr. Clark, the member whose bolt was the source of the trouble, could not be found. Threats against him were frequent and violent.

The Republicans are holding a caucus to-night, and it is understood that they hope, out of the wreck, to carry off one or two of the clerkships. It is feared that Mr. Clark cannot be brought back into the Democratic ranks after the abuse he received.

Assemblymen Shinn, of Atlantic County, left the caucus with Clarke and McLaughlin, but he afterward reconsidered his decision and returned. The trouble arose primarily from jealousies between the Irish members from Hudson County and the German members from Newark, but the immediate cause of the bolt was the expressed determination that neither Terry, McDonald nor Con Donovan, two Hudson County candidates for the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, should receive the nomination. The Newark members were angered at the defeat of Fiedler for Speaker, and demanded that Mr. Brown of Newark be made Sergeant-at-Arms, as a compensation. After the bolt, however, Julius W. Manger, of Newark, a brother-in-law of Mr. Fiedler, was nominated for Engraving Clerk, and Mr. Brown's claim upon the position of Sergeant-at-Arms being thus destroyed, Con Donovan, one of the Hudson County men, was chosen for that position.

TRENTON, Jan. 11.—At the first ballot in the Assembly this morning, to the surprise of many, the bolting Democrat, J. C. Clarke, who voted blank all day yesterday, voted for John T. Dunn. The ballot stood Dunn 31, Lawrence 26, giving the former the Speakership. The other nominees of the Democratic caucus were elected by a like vote.

The silk manufacturing business, which has been dull of late in Paterson, has started up again. The manufacture of plush equal, it is said, to the foreign article, has been inaugurated. Artificial sealskin saques, made of it are very deceptive. There are now over 100 distinct silk mills in Paterson giving employment to between 16,000 and 17,000 operatives.

OSCAR WILDE'S LECTURE.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Times thus narrates the latest New York sensation: The triumph of this apostle of æsthetic art is complete. Chickering Hall was never packed with more fashionable audience. Early Monday morning the tickets were all sold and during the day they were changed hands at double and even triple prices. Of course, most people went from curiosity. The cream of high-toned society was present. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher occupied a front seat. Mr. Wilde was greeted with deafening applause. He wore a very wide and low collar, a conspicuous diamond on his bosom, a swallow tailed coat, close fitting knee-breeches with buckles, long black silk stockings and patent leather shoes without heels. His long thick black hair is parted in the middle and overhangs his coat collar. On his large hands were pearl-colored kid gloves. He read closely from his manuscript, in a somewhat monotonous, yet very musical voice.

The lecture was a graceful plea for the beautiful in art and the refined in poetry, as expressed in the present English renaissance. He declared this renaissance to be the new birth of art in the desire for a more gracious and comely way of life. The desire for perfection is the basis for this revolution. We are largely indebted to the poet Keats for it. Byron was a rebel, Shelley was a dreamer, but Keats realized the reality of beauty. Nine-tenths of the British public define æstheticism as the French for affectation, and the German for daddo. The pre-Raphaelitism of to-day had its origin in the work of a few young men, poets, painters and sculptors, who met in 1849, in London, to discuss art. They roused the spirit of British Philistines, who became cruelly sarcastic at their expense. The British public, with overwhelming spirit of commerce, has almost killed art and quenched poetry. This restless modern spirit of ours is not receptive enough of the spirit of true art. The Orient has always been true to the spirit of art. Mr. Wilde discussed the spirit of criticism. Its place in our culture is, first, for the critic to be able to hold his tongue; second, to teach the people the spirit in which they are to appreciate artistic work; third, to teach reverence for beauty.

He was wildly cheered when he explained why the æsthetes select the lily and the sunflower as their pet floral emblems. These two lovely flowers are the most perfect models of design—in the grandly leonine beauty of the one, and the exquisite delicacy of the other. Mr. Wilde's allusion to the attempt to caricature æstheticism in the play "Patience," was received with good humored applause. "You have heard 'Patience' for three hundred nights, you can listen to me for at least one." Mr. Wilde will go to Philadelphia next Monday.

—The new Southern Pacific route across the Continent is suffering seriously from the lack of water for the engines on the plains in Western Texas and New Mexico, and trains have been from six to twelve hours late every day since the line was opened. All the carpenters and bridge builders that can be secured are employed in building tanks for a sufficient supply of water, and it is expected that everything will be in good order in ten days or two weeks.

—The question will arise in the minds of those who propose to fight the Mormons, says the *Denver Tribune*, "why so few of the wives of the Mormons make complaints. The answer lies in human nature. These women do not like to make assertions which cast shadows on their own condition of life. They would be regarded with pity, and women, even more than men, hate to be pitied."

—The population of Kansas City has in the last twenty years increased from 4,000 to 80,000 within the city limits, while there are at least 100,000 people included within the tributary suburbs; and, says a local journal, "the child is born who will live to see upon the hills which overlook the waters at the great bend in the mighty Missouri a city surpassing in wealth and population any of the great cities of this great republic."

—John T. Owsley, who forty years ago was obliged to take and hold some Chicago property in spite of his protest, and who became rich through its means, died lately. It is said he owned twenty acres in the heart of the city.

—It is estimated that one-fourth of the Irish tenantry have come under the operation of the Land act, and that the whole question will be settled in two years, when of course it is expected that tranquility will be restored.

—Honolulu has set up an ice manufactory, which is turning out clear, crystalline ice made from water taken from an artesian well. Manufactured ice in India has almost totally superseded imported ice.

—Bills to pension the survivors of the Black Hawk war and of the Mexican war, to increase the amounts paid existing pensioners, and to equalize bounties are pending in Congress.

—The three Patti concerts at Faverly's, Chicago, netted \$30,000—the largest sum ever realized at any theatre there for the same number of performances.

—The Sprague divorce case has been postponed until the 16th. It is understood that negotiations are being made for an adjustment.

—Railroad officials in Colorado had a large stream dammed up, and the back water drove out squatters on the company's land.

—Robert Martin, convicted at Newark, N. J., of the murder of his wife and child, has been sentenced to be hanged March 2d.

—The roof of the opera house in Marshall, Texas, is so leaky that people in the audience put up their umbrellas when it rains.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION ATTRACTS MORE ATTENTION IN THE SOUTH EVERY YEAR.

One of the first bills introduced in the Mississippi Legislature last week was a most stringent prohibitory law.

—In this country public attention to the restrictions are known as temperance bills, but in the British colony of New Zealand they call them *stagnation bills*, because they are said to oppose a stagnating, that is, a progress against progress, and they are described as *stagnation bills*.

—Two men fought desperately at Cosumum, Minn., and one was killed with the knife which he held in his own hand. The case is likely to puzzle a jury, as some of the witnesses say that the wound was caused by a fall upon the knife, while others are sure that the survivor grasped his antagonist's hand, and in that manner made the stab.

—The Women's Silk-Culture Association will hold a silk exhibition at St. George's Hall, Thirtieth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, the last week in January and first week in February. The Strawbridge & Clothier premium will be given to the producers of the best four grades of silk cocoons: First premium, best one pound, \$200; second premium, best one pound, \$150; third premium, best one pound, \$100; fourth premium, best pound, \$50. Admission tickets, 25 cents; season ticket, 50 cents; children's ticket, 10 cents.

—A remarkable exhibition of tranquility under acute suffering and disconcerting circumstances was furnished by Mr. C. K. Tibbitts, of Boston, a victim of the accident on the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the 2d inst. He was found soon after the disaster in a farmhouse kitchen near the wreck, propped up in two chairs, with his head against the wall. One leg was badly crushed, his right arm was disabled, and his head was so thickly bound with linen that his mouth and one eye were the only features visible; but the philosopher was smoking a cigar, and evidently enjoyed it. He could not speak aloud, but he huskily whispered that there was no use in crying when he could just as well laugh.

—On a recent day the trains on the North London Railway were very crowded. At one of the stations an important passenger attempted to enter an already overcrowded first-class compartment, but one of the occupants resisted the intrusion. Thereupon the important one said: "I will soon settle this," and called a guard. He requested the official to ask two of the occupants to produce their tickets, which proved to be third-class. In spite of the delinquents protesting there was no room in the train elsewhere they were ejected, and the unfortunate one took their place. The other passengers were rather indignant, and, seeing this, the intruder quietly said: "I am very sorry to have had to turn those two gentlemen out, especially as I heard they were already late for an important engagement in the city; and I am all the more sorry, seeing that I only hold a third-class ticket myself."

—A premium of 6d. per dozen has been placed upon sparrows' heads by the Government of South Australia, acting on the advice of a commission specially appointed to inquire into the "sparrow question," while the somewhat disproportionate sum of 2s. 6d. per hundred is offered for the tiny pale-blue eggs of the bird. The bird which only a few years ago such efforts were made to acclimatize in Australia is now doomed to extermination—if that can possibly be achieved. So rapidly have the few pairs which were introduced a few years ago multiplied under the congenial skies and amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Australian colonies, that the agriculturists complain of the serious injury done by them to their wheat and fruit crops, and have called upon the Government to devise some means for insuring their destruction. Before the commission appointed to inquire into the matter, one witness said that in the space of ten days the sparrows took a ton and a half of grapes. They stripped all the figs off five trees, and kept five fifteen acres of lucerne during summer. Another complainant said in the season they took £30 worth of fruit; while a third declares that he sowed peas three times, and they were destroyed by the sparrows.

—The history of the rise and fall and its latest recuperation from the borders of bankruptcy of the Jersey Central railroad would make a most interesting chapter in the history of corporations in this country. The latest development given to the public is of a recent occurrence. A New York special says: It is said on the street that Mr. Gould having little stock on hand determined to knock it down to a profitable buying price along with a few other stocks. Washburn, Pacific preferred, Denver and Rio Grande fell, but Jersey Central failed to respond to the rebuffs of the Wall street king as fully as he expected. The stock dropped to what was considered a fair price by another party who knows something about railroads, and he quietly took all he could buy without discovering his plan. When the great decline was over, Mr. Gould did not add to his store of Jersey Central, but it has been announced within a few days that John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has secured control of that company. Mr. Garrett will use the Central to get into New York and as a part of a great scheme of which the public has little idea. Meantime Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt will make a strong fight for Reading, and it is said a representative of Jay Gould will enter the directory of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the near future. All this suggests new combinations, in which rival railway magnates will startle even the great American public.

(Herald (N.Y.) Commercial.)
Mr. Clarence B. Stoddard, the druggist, informed us that Mr. Louis Hope, a sufferer with rheumatism for a number of years, obtained the greatest relief by the use of St. Jacob's Oil.

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IRON MARKET STREET TO FILBERT,

AN ENTIRE BLOCK,

IS FILLED WITH DRY GOODS,

Selected Carefully by Experts in the Best

Markets of the World

This Huge Array of Goods Aggregates in Value Considerably more than

A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

AND IS DIVIDED AMONG

THIRTY-TWO DEPARTMENTS

In Which are Contained Everything Needed in

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FOR

Ladies and Children,

And Everything Coming Under the Head of

HOUSEFURNISHING DRY GOODS.

Few such exhibits as this are made in the country. None can

surpass it in attractiveness, variety and interest. The almost perfect

system to which the business is reduced, insures the most prompt,

careful and economical service of all patrons.

The prices are beyond controversy as low as the goods can be

conveyed from producer to consumer, as all methods of cheapening

prices are in vogue known to the most exact business science. In

addition of prices, primarily, has the success of the house been

based, and success has furnished facilities for still further lowering

of prices, while giving the additional advantages of convenience,

comfort and despatch in all transactions.

There is no reason why all who desire should not share in the

advantages which are offered by this great mart of fashion and of the

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Cor. Eighth & Market Sts.—E. W. Cor. Eighth & Filbert Sts.,

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NO. 16 MILL STREET,

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PLUMBERS,

STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS,

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Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hy-

draulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.

REPAIR WORK SOLICITED. Also constantly on hand,

GARDEN HOSE, HOSE PIPES AND SPRINKLERS, HOSE REELS, GLASS

GLOVES AND SHADES, BATH TUBS, CIRCULATING BOILERS,

GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS.

Warranted to be made of cucumber wood, and the cheapest of the market. These

pumps are made by skilled workmen and stand the test that is made of them, and in no case

fail to pump, which is a guarantee of their quality. They are made by the

factory, Dorrance Street, West of Railroad, at

"ARRIVED."

The first of the year is again arrived to commence our new clearing out sale of Fall and Winter

Dress Goods, Shawls, Blankets, Cassiniers,

FANNELS, WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR, &c.

The warm fall has brought with it many goods to be cleared out before the annual stock taking time

So great is the fecundity of fish that it is calculated the progeny of a pair of herrings will soon pick the ocean were they increase in number. How rapidly fish multiply is attested by the operations of the State Commissioners of Fisheries with the California mountain trout. Starting in 1875 with 300 trout, the Commission had 17,000 young trout to distribute in 1878. 60,000 in 1879, and in 1880 had 17,000 young trout to distribute in 1880. Last year 2,000,000 of the young were distributed, and this year there will be about 3,000,000 more to be put into the exhausted trout waters of the State. Meanwhile the young previously distributed have begun to breed, and this summer the progeny of the original 300 will number many millions. Nothing short of such amazing fertility could have saved many valuable species of fish from complete extinction. As it is, waters on which fish have been depleted; but there is nothing in which care and effort secure such lavish returns as in fish breeding, and the labor of Fish Commissioners in this State is creating a source of food supply that may be made practically inexhaustible.

The California trout is popularly known as the rainbow trout. It lacks the beautiful rainbow spots of our native brook trout, but its drizzling sides flash prismatic colors when drawn into the sunlight. It is hard as well as beautiful. When the skin of a native trout is cut there is a fungus growth from the wound, and the fish generally dies. But the California trout cut and slash each other at spawning time until their skin is ragged, and yet recover. They rise to the fly, fight gamely, and in flavor compare with the native trout. They grow larger than the native fish, and can stand a warmer temperature. This last is an important consideration, for the entire away of underbrush and the diminished flow of springs have in many places made the waters of streams warmer than they used to be. Indeed, Commissioner Roosevelt says that an exhausted trout brook can never be satisfactorily restored native trout; yet the California trout thrives amazingly in it.

The German carp, introduced about twenty years ago, does not thrive so well in our ponds as the native trout. It cannot live when the water is thickly frozen over. However, it does not compare with trout as a food fish.

The species brood at the State hatcheries in the last year are the salmon, California salmon, salmon trout, brook trout, California trout, brook trout, grayling, German carp, fresh water herring, and goldfish. Besides, the Commissioners have a number of hybrids, for they have had little difficulty in crossing species, even though apparently somewhat dissimilar. They have a pond specially prepared for the breeding of frogs. The Commissioner has leased property on Long Island near Oyster Bay, where they will soon establish a large hatchery for both fresh and salt water fish.—*New York Sun.*

IN GENERAL.

The merry plough is already tickling the ears of Kansas.

Mount City in Missouri would seem, as indicated by its name, to be a rising municipality. Although it has but 1000 inhabitants, it has just completed an opera house costing \$15,000.

One of Cincinnati's ways of helping the poor is to pay \$500 worth of coal at wholesale prices and sell to private consumers at cost. Naturally the coal dealers don't like the plan.

On a solid rock in Mant, Utah, 100 feet above the street level, the Mormons have a temple, which is a marble of imposing dimensions, which will be fully adorned. The elevation is called the Mountain of the Lord.

There are some privileges which do not belong to a husband. A resident of Belfast, Ireland, had been put under bonds of \$500 to appear before the grand jury on a charge of opening a letter written by his wife to her father.

In the land of Homer no young man is allowed to pay his respects to a maiden unless he has taken the head of one of more of his enemies. In this country "putting a head on" one's enemy is considered the correct thing. Two extremes of civilization.

The New York Graphic suggests that besides the mail "there is another agency for carrying the germs of small-pox epidemic which seems quite overlooked. It is our paper currency, bank bills, ragged, dirty and reeking with filth, which but an hour since may have lain in the pocket of a small-pox patient, are daily circulating from hand to hand. The disease-laden letter may be read and thrown away. The disease-laden bank note goes steadily on from hand to hand and pocket to pocket, stealthily doing its deadly work. Can there be a more effective agency for the spreading broadcast of contagion than these greasy, torn, tattooed and spongy bits of paper?"

It is stated that Frederick Siemens contemplated adapting his toughened glass to street gas lamps, substituting glass for the iron pillars, and to water main pipes. These articles, it is claimed, are much stronger than iron castings, and imperishable and incorrodible. It is said that common castings, which are now procurable at prices which do not realize it, the iron founder more than the baronet, profit, or none at all, can be produced in Siemens's glass at about twice the figure, giving ample profit to the manufacturer. As the specific gravity of glass is only about one-third that of cast iron, the purchaser will be able to obtain glass articles at about one-third cheaper than similar goods in cast iron, as he will get, say, three pipes for the weight of one cast iron piece of main.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gentle:—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight cough of pulse, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did, and I was cured. I used to take both heads to write, but now my good right hand writes to you. I used to be nervous, and now I am as steady as they ever were. I used to take both heads to write, but now my good right hand writes to you. I used to be nervous, and now I am as steady as they ever were. I used to take both heads to write, but now my good right hand writes to you. I used to be nervous, and now I am as steady as they ever were.

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